



# Blood Moon



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## Chapter 1 by Zara Rose

The scream that I heard seemed to pierce through the darkness and through my head, even when I was eleven years old. I knew that scream. I had grown up with her after all. She was my twin, little sister and she was in trouble. I grabbed my bow and my quiver of arrows and ran towards her scream.

I reached her just in time to see the fangs being removed from her delicate skin that was in the crook between her neck and shoulder. Crimson blood pooling from her wound. I notched an arrow, before I even knew I had pulled out an arrow from my quiver, and shot it at the beast. It hit him square in the shoulder and he yelled in pain. His hideous face turning towards me, those bright, green eyes piercing my soul.

I had just notched another arrow, when he lunged at me. I barely had time to scream. His pointed teeth found my shoulder and I felt him rip flesh from bone. I screamed. Before anything else could be done, he was gone. I lay on my back staring at the bits of sky that I could see from under the trees. My breathing was rapid and looked like smoke.

I heard something very faintly. The very faint noise of someone moving through the leaves, sticks, and dirt that littered the forest floor. I turned my head, only to move it back because of the blinding pain that came from my right shoulder. I gasped in pain and the small noise stopped.

"Ales? Are you alright?" Sia's voice was thick with worry and concern.

"I'm fine," I said, it through gritted teeth. "I'm fine," I said, it through gritted teeth. "I'm fine," I said, it through gritted teeth. See more of Story Wars

"No, you're not," she said, her voice sharp.

"I am?" I asked as I tried to sit up, my head spinning. "I am?" I asked as I tried to sit up, my head spinning. "I am?" I asked as I tried to sit up, my head spinning. hearing pain as before.

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"Yeah," she said as she sounded closer than before, as if she was kneeling over me. "You can't see it?"

"I can't see anything," I said in a dull voice and I heard her squeak in alarm. "What? Is he back?"

"No," Sia said and I heard the slight breeze as she shook her head. "But, your skin is mending back together. Like someone is stitching it up with an invisible thread and needle."

"What?!" I squeaked as I lurched upward and groaned in pain.

"We should tell Father what happened," Sia said and I nodded in agreement, though I knew it would end badly.

We ran to the house to find that our father was already on the porch with a gun in one hand and a knife in the other.

"Monsters! You're both monsters!" he said with a sneer of disgust. Sia and I backed away from him slowly as he walked down the wooden steps. "Get away! Never come back! This is not your home! Leave now and never return!"

We did. We ran from the only home we had ever known. We ran away from our father, who wanted us gone or dead. We ran away with only each other and the few things that we already had before we left for the woods for our little game. We ran away from all the things that were left to taunt us. But most importantly, we ran away from the red moon. We ran away from the Blood Moon.

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